

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XI. No. 4

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 24, 1920

The Street in the Sheep Pasture.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

Chapter Two.

THE long wailing cry came again as they listened, and again the girl's voice was lifted in that faint hail. For some reason it was hard to tell what direction the sounds were coming from, and for a moment they hesitated to move in the black darkness among the bushes. "We must, though," declared Blinn. "The brownie shepherdess is in some kind of a scrape and wants help. I can't make out what the rest of the noise is."

They moved cautiously towards the spot where the girl and her lantern had vanished. In a few minutes they made out that they were in the mouth of an old wood road which wound away among the bushes. It was wide enough for a team, and so softly carpeted with moss that their footsteps made no sound.

"This is the way the brownie went," remarked Blinn. "This first turn of the road took her out of sight, lantern and all. Keep right at my heels, Flounce. We don't want to get into any scrapes ourselves till we have pulled the shepherdess out."

The road wound along the hillside, and presently they were stopped by what seemed a high-piled barrier of logs and brush. Then the strange cry rose up from almost under their feet, and the girl's voice hailed them anxiously.

"Don't come a step nearer without a light! I'm down in the old quarry hole and I've dropped my lantern into the water. There's another one hanging outside the barn. Can you get it without letting Gramp know that anything is wrong?"

"I can. I noticed that lantern," cried Flounce. "You stay here, Blinn, and cheer her up till I come."

It was easy enough to find the way back to the barn now that she knew how to go, and Flounce was soon back with the lantern, which she had lighted with a little sliver of wood stuck in at the front of the stove. With the help of the light they made out that the quarry hole was fenced all around except at one place where the brush and logs had fallen away. They crept carefully through this opening and found themselves looking down into a deep black hole with a gleam of water at the bottom. On three sides the rock walls were steep and smooth, but right at their feet it was broken away into something like jagged steps. It looked wet and slippery, and they wondered how in the world the girl had got down there. She was crouching close to the black

water, and she held something in her arms.

"It's my pet lamb," explained the shepherdess. "I didn't know she was following me, and first thing I knew, she had fallen over the ledge. I thought I could get her up, but she's too heavy, and I've dropped my lantern. I don't know exactly what you can do to help."

"I know! Here, Flounce, stand back and don't move—just hold the lantern so the light will shine down."

Blinn was quite equal to this emergency, though he had been shy of handling that muddy and struggling sheep. He was

there in the hole, all I thought of was how to get to her. I'm much obliged to you again. Now I'm going to hold the light right here till I see you go in at your own back door. This little path through the bushes is a short cut to your house."

As she seemed to want to get rid of them, they could think of nothing to do but go. At their back door they turned around and saw the lantern wink out of sight among the bushes on the black hillside.

"I call her a funny kind of girl," declared Flounce. "Do you suppose she didn't want us to see that poor little house where she lives?"

"I guess she isn't such a goose," retorted Blinn. "What difference does it make what sort of a house you live in as long as you behave yourself? But she needn't have been so kind of tart, as I see. And I'd like to know what she meant by all that rubbish about our being stand-offish when we found out about her. I hope she isn't a sheep-lifter or anything in that line."

The next morning was bright and clear and almost as warm as midsummer. Even the big rocky sheep-pasture back of the house seemed inviting and they had half a mind to go up and look at the quarry hole by daylight.

"We can do that some other day just as well," Blinn decided. "I want to see what it's like out in front of the house."

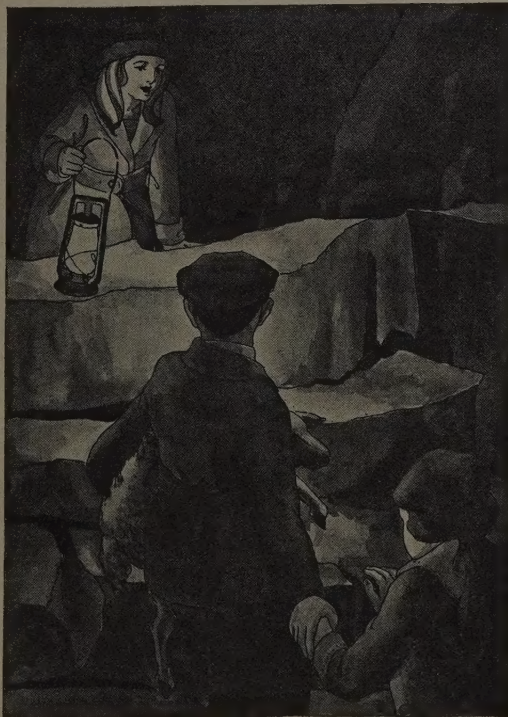
They ran out into the front yard, which was fenced with white pickets in the old-fashioned way and was all one tangle of lilac and rose bushes. Through a gate in the fence they stepped out into a grassy winding road bounded on either side by stone walls and clumps of trees and bushes.

"They call it Apple Tree Lane, mother says, but we can't see far, it twists so. Do you suppose anybody else lives in it?" asked Flounce.

"No such luck, I guess. I take it the Lightning chap lives up by the station in the other direction. Come on, let's explore a bit. A road in a sheep-pasture won't be very exciting, but it's something new, anyhow."

They walked on around the first turn of the lane, and then Flounce tugged suddenly at her brother's arm. Just beyond the turn was a pretty little white house nestling in a bower of trees. It was not three minutes' walk from their own door.

"What a nice place, and O Blinn, we're going to have neighbors." Flounce looked up, wide-eyed, at a boy and a girl who were picking apples from a great gnarled tree at the side door. They were almost at the top of the tree with their baskets, so they merely waved their hands and kept on with their work. As Blinn and



Drawing by E. Gammell.

"He tucked the fat bleating lamb under his arm and had a hand left to give the shepherdess."

as sure-footed as an Indian, and in a few minutes he was standing beside the girl at the bottom of the hole. He tucked the fat bleating lamb under his arm and had a hand left to give to the shepherdess, who was clinging like a limpet to the rock. Slowly and carefully the three came up the jagged steps while Flounce held the light above.

When they all stood safely in the old wood road the strange girl began to laugh. Blinn remembered that she had not seemed a bit more excited at the bottom of the quarry hole than she was here on the firm ground.

"I didn't get away from you so easily, after all," she said. "Well, Snowflake will know better next time, and so shall I, maybe. But when I heard her crying down

Florence walked on, they noticed a mail-box out by the edge of the road. The name on it was Ellis.

They rounded another turn in the road, and even Blinn looked excited as they found another house—a big homelike one of red brick under some beautiful old elms. Florence pointed to an old-fashioned carryall rolled back under the trees in front of the carriage-house.

"If there are folks enough here to fill that," she whispered, "we shan't be lonesome. Look, the name on this mail-box is Raymond. Isn't this a nice way to get acquainted with new neighbors!"

In a few minutes more they came to another house and beyond they could see two more.

"Why, it's almost a street," exclaimed Florence.

Blinn laughed. "A street in a sheep-pasture—that sounds like something new. Look now, I can see a sight that's better than houses." He pointed to a gleam of water at the end of the road.

"Do you suppose there's a river?" asked Florence, eagerly. "That would mean all kinds of fun. Come on, we'll get acquainted with the other mail-boxes tomorrow."

They ran down to the end of the road without stopping to look at the other houses. They were intent on that silvery gleam of water through the trees. It was not much of a river, Blinn thought. He could easily shy a stone to the opposite bank. It looked deep, however, and just below where they stood the water flowed through a narrow winding cut between two high ledges. From one of these ledges the stone floor of an old mill still stood above the black water. It was a ruin with only a part of one wall left standing, but that stone floor except for a chink or two was as solid as in the days when all the grists of the neighboring towns were ground there.

To reach the ruin they had to make their way through thick bushes. Blinn held his sister back as she started to walk out on the stone flooring, but he soon found that it was perfectly safe.

"It's good for another hundred years, I guess, but don't go too near the edge," he warned. "The water is pretty deep underneath. Say, what's down there, anyway?"

From somewhere down under the floor came a quick humming sound set to a kind of tune and accompanied by a rapid tapping of feet or fingers. As they knelt down to look through one of the chinks in the stones the humming changed to whistling, and they laughed as they recognized that quick scrap of a tune. Nick had whistled it, off and on, all the way from the station last night. They could see his shock of hair nodding as he kept time. He was sitting in a boat which was packed full of boxes, round and square, and he was so busy with the queer noises he was making that he had not heard their steps overhead. They had to drop a pebble on his hair to make him look up.

"Hello," he said, gazing up into the two pairs of eyes that were looking through the chink in the floor. "Ever notice how lively music brightens your wits when you can't think what to do next? And if you haven't got any wits it keeps your courage up. I'm stuck on the Instep Rock and don't know how to get

off without tipping the butter and eggs into the river. They're not my butter and eggs, either."

"Well, you wait till I find a place to get down the bank," began Blinn.

"All right. Don't you see me waiting? There's a path just above the mill. But look out how you come. And I don't know what you can do about it when you get there."

Blinn found the steep path and scrambled down the rocks to the water's edge. The boat was several yards away in that narrow cut. It had run onto a spur of the ledge called the Instep because it reached out from the foot of the rock under the water. Nick had worked the boat along till it hung there only by one end, but he could not get it free.

"The engine makes it heavy at this end," said Blinn, as he surveyed the stranded craft. "She wants a good lift from the back, then she'll slide off all right."

Paying no attention to the older boy's protests, Blinn stripped off shoes and sweater and slipped into the river. He could swim almost as easily as a pickerel and a few strokes brought him alongside Nick.

"Look out, now," warned Nick. "How are you going to tread water and lift a boat at the same time?" But Blinn already had his arms and shoulder under the end of the boat, and with one lift and shove she was off, so suddenly that the swimmer, who had found a foothold for a moment in the crevices of the rock, lost his balance and went backwards out of sight in the black water. He came up all right and only shook his head when Nick offered to help him into the boat. He swam back to the foot of the path and scrambled out while Nick came paddling upstream to where his two friends stood.

"Say, you're some swimmer," observed the older boy. "Didn't know as a city fellow could pull off such a stunt as that. I don't know how I can do anything to even it up unless you'd like to go on a voyage of discovery in the butter-and-egg boat. I'll wait while you go home and change your clothes."

"There, now," cried Florence, "I felt just as if the street in the sheep-pasture was leading us to something splendid! Do hurry, Blinn!"

But Blinn was already running as hard as he could go up the grassy road.

(To be continued.)

The Fairest Day.

BY FRED ST. DENIS RICKEY.

THE world's so very beautiful,

The sky's so very blue,
There is such fragrance in the air,
And so much beauty too,
I feel I'm only air myself
For joy to wander through.

The winds have words of wonder

To whisper in my ear,
The leaves are dropping secrets
It gladdens me to hear.
Oh! of all days, I think this is
The fairest of the year.

Judy's Canaries.

BY EFFIE EGBERT.

JUDY EVERSON lived in an orchard in the Sierra Nevada foothills of California. The thing that Judy, who was seven, enjoyed most in her mountain home was the bird life. There was a flock of mountain quail, with perky little crests slanting backward, that made its home inside the orchard. Judy's mother did not allow the hunters to shoot them, not even in the open season, so in time they grew so tame they didn't even bother to fly away when Judy ran about among the plum and pear trees. Besides the quail there were mocking-birds, shy fellows that cleverly imitated all the other bird songs; woodpeckers, that Judy's mother called the "policemen of the orchard," because they ate so many injurious insects; meadow larks, bluebirds, linnets, some beautifully-colored species whose names Judy didn't know, and canaries, migratory little visitors that came in May and stayed until November.

"I like the canaries best," Judy told her mother. "Of course the linnets are friendly little things, and the way they call to each other is too darling for anything; but mother, when you get close up to them you can see that their beaks look just like hawk beaks, and they make me think how selfish they were to eat every latest cherry on our tree. But the canaries!" Judy clasped her hands in delight. "They are darlings. I just love them. And mother! Their eyes are as bright as if they were little stars shining in their heads! And when I look at their downy, yellow-green breasts I just want to hold them in my hands and love them."

"I'm afraid, dear," her mother replied, "they won't let you do that. They are wild canaries, you must remember."

Judy said nothing to that, but she was a little girl who liked to try something new, and when she did she always saw it through. She hadn't an idea how to set about taming them, but she watched all their movements with the greatest interest. In the warm months she slept out, back of the house, on a little cot just beyond her mother's open window. Ten feet from her bed was a path made of white, smooth, river pebbles, that led from the kitchen door out to the woodshed. It was on this nice, clean path that Judy's mother emptied the crumbs from her bread and cake boxes and sometime during the day the birds found them.

One morning Judy happened to wake very early. The pines were just beginning to pick their way out of the darkness and stand up like trees. It was like a wonderful new world to Judy, and she lay very still, looking about her. The sun did not come up till some time later, because it had to do some extra climbing to get above the eastern mountains. All of a sudden she heard a cheery little sound, like "Cheep! Cheep!" and there on the white pebble walk was one of her wild canaries, picking up crumbs and generously calling to his mates to come share them with him. One by one they came until there were ten of them, all cheeping merrily as could be. "I'm just going to cheep, too," Judy said to herself, "and see what they will do." What they did was to answer her cheep just as if she was a canary, herself. They held quite a

little conversation—she and the birds—and when they had finished their breakfast they flew away. Judy was very much excited over this little adventure, and when she was telling her mother about it, she kept stopping to say, "O mother! You don't know how I love those wild canaries!"

That evening when she went to bed she said to herself, "I must be sure to wake early." And she did, too. When she opened her eyes there was the same still world, the sun not yet up, but she had only to wait a few minutes till the canaries began to fly down and hop about on the white walk. They began to cheep and she cheeped with them. Presently she lifted her head cautiously, but that very second the birds took fright and away they went. For a moment Judy was puzzled, then she understood. She rushed into her mother's room, all excitement. "I know," she said, "what it is that frightens the birds. It's if you move. They can see you, and not care. They can hear you talk and not care, but if you make one tiny motion they are scared to death."

"I think you're right, daughter," her mother replied. "I forgot to tell you that yesterday, while you were away, I was standing by the columbine bed and a humming-bird poked its long beak into a blossom but never three inches from my hand. I stood perfectly still, and it hummed round for several minutes. But the minute I lifted my finger, off it went. Yes, birds are afraid of movement."

Judy didn't like to boast, but to herself she said: "Now I know how to go ahead. Before the summer is over I'm going to have a wild canary in my hand." All that day Judy studied the matter, and by evening she had a well-thought-out plan for taming her birds. She began by moving her cot two feet nearer the white path every evening. At the end of five days she was right to the edge of the path and the birds didn't seem to have noticed that she was coming nearer. Of course the crisp little morning conversations had been continued.

"What is it you and the birds talk about?" her mother asked one evening as they sat at supper.

Judy's eyes smiled. "I'll tell it to you like a dialogue:

"Judy—'Cheep! Cheep! Good-morning, birdies. Did you have a good sleep last night?"

"Canaries—'Cheep! Yes, we did, thank you."

"Judy—'Do you like your breakfast?"

"Canaries—'Cheep!"

"Judy—'Do you like cake crumbs better than bread crumbs?"

"Canaries (excitedly)—'Cheep! Cheep! Cheep! Cheep! Cheep! Cheep!'"

Judy and her mother both laughed.

The next morning Judy got out of bed early, spread a rug and a sofa cushion by the path and was lying there with one hand part way out on the path, when the canaries came. They didn't quite like the look of that, but there was no motion, so they concluded it was all right. The morning after, Judy's hand was extended as far as she could reach, but perfectly still. That was all right too, only there weren't so many crumbs as usual, unless they hopped along near Judy's hand. Those that did, found a new kind of crumb that tasted something like the insects they ate out in the orchard. They

seemed to like it better even than the cake crumbs.

There came a morning when there were no crumbs at all except in the pink hollow of a little hand. The birdies acted as if they didn't know what to do. The leader of the band came near her hand, but very cautiously, with many stops and turnings of his head. Just as he was about to try his luck, Judy sneezed and reached for her handkerchief. By the time she put it down there wasn't a bird in sight.

"I never was so mad in my life," she told her mother indignantly, "and I just hope I'll never sneeze again as long as I live."

Of course she had to begin all over again. One can't sneeze, pick up a handkerchief and lay it down again without making a good many movements and the birdies saw every one of those motions. It took only a few mornings, however, for them to forget the sneeze and Mr. Leader-of-the-Bunch was looking very longingly at the cake and boiled egg crumbs in Judy's hand. He cocked his head first on one side, then on the other, and all the time his bright little black eyes stared hard at the still hand. Finally, just as if he said, "Here goes," he hopped onto Judy's middle finger. But he hopped off again. That soft, warm feeling was strange to him. Still, it didn't move, not even a twitch. He hopped on again and began to devour the delicious breakfast. Of course those little pecks on her flesh felt awfully queer, but Judy didn't move any more than if she had been a stone girl, and in the twinkling of an eye five more hopped on. Two of them even had a quarrel. They put their heads together and ruffled their neck feathers the way chickens do. Judy was so delighted and thrilled she could hardly keep silent. Then there was a sudden "wh-r-r-r-r," and every bird was off.

"Oh, oh, oh," her mother's voice cried from the window. "That's too bad. I frightened them, with the click of my camera. But I have a snapshot of six of them feeding from your hand."

"My darling, darling, darling canaries," said Judy.

Anne's Right-Word Book.

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD.

"I HAVE a new book!" announced Anne, holding her hands behind her. "Story-book? Fairy-tales?" asked Don and Bonnie, with eager curiosity.

"No. There's nothing in it but clean white pages with the exception of what is written on the first one," answered Anne, smiling as if she had a very happy secret which she wished to tell her playmates.

"But what can you want with a silly empty book—no pictures or anything in it?" Don frowned at the idea.

"Not silly! Books can't be silly. And not empty! It's full of white paper, which I expect to cover with words." Anne laughed as she spoke.

"You can't make up a story, Anne. Anyhow, nobody'd ever read just words," said Bonnie, speaking very slowly, as if she were trying to guess what was in Anne's mind.

"I'll read them. And I'll learn them. That's what my book is for. When I say a wrong word or a naughty one or when I hear some one else say one, I'm going to take time to think out what would have been nice words to say, and then I'll write them on one of the pages. After a while there won't be any wrong words in my vocabulary."

"Vocabulary?" puzzled Don.

"Yes, vocabulary. That is one word for all the words you are acquainted with."

"You never use wrong words or naughty words, Anne. At least, I never heard you," said Bonnie, still wondering about the usefulness of Anne's book.

"Oh, yes, I do, Bonnie!" exclaimed Anne. "Only a little while ago, this morning, I said, 'Ain't that swell?' when mother told me that we were going to visit my cousins this summer. She had just given me the new book and so I went right up to my room and sat down and thought until I knew what I could have said that would have shown mother really how glad I was. It took me a long time to think it out, but when I found exactly



By John B. Jenkin.

A GOOD JOKE.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

45 GROVE STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and have the best record in our class. For three years I have only been absent two times. Our Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Pleghaar. Our minister's name is Rev. Christopher R. Elliot.

The book that we are taking now is "Children of the Father."

I am in the sixth grade and am eleven years old. I have two brothers and two sisters. I would like to be a member of the Club.

Yours sincerely,

ETHEL LEAVENS.

FARNER, TENN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

A friend sent me several copies of *The Beacon*.

Our school will begin next month.

I will be in the ninth grade. I am sixteen years old.

Will some *Beacon* member who lives in Scotland or Canada please write me?

Yours truly,

GLADYS SHEARER.

what I meant to say, I wrote the words and learned them, like a little lesson."

"But heaps of nice girls say that—'swell'—when they want to praise anything," protested Bonnie.

"I know. We all do. But I've been thinking all morning how we say the same things over and over and over again, all of us. It's like all of us wearing the same kind of dress and wearing it all the time, every day, for school and parties and playing and everything. We say the day is 'swell' and the fudge tastes 'swell' and we feel 'swell' and look 'swell'—as if it were the only describing word in the English language that we knew."

"But the other girls will laugh at you if you begin using big words for every-day things," warned Bonnie.

"I'm not going to use a single big word just for the sake of using it. What I want to do is to try to find the right word for each of the different experiences I happen to talk about. Do you think they'll laugh at the right word, big or little?"

"I won't. I'll get a right-word book myself!" said Bonnie enthusiastically.

"And I'll take lessons out of it," agreed Don.

Catching.

BY H. O. SPELMAN.

SO many things a child can catch,—

The measles and a cold,
The whooping-cough and chicken-pox;

"Be careful," I am told.

I'm going to turn it right about

And catch the things worth while,—

A happy heart, a cheery song,

Contentment, and a smile.

MARLBORO, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—We have enjoyable times on Sunday reading your Sunday-school paper *The Beacon*. It is interesting to try and make out the puzzles. We also read the story which is always published.

Our Sunday school is the Unitarian, and our minister's name is Mr. Conner. We hope that we will always get *The Beacon*. Our class is the Lincoln. The officers and members are as follows: Teacher, Mrs. Spencer; Pres., Clarence Stevens; Sec., Stuart Giles; Treas., George Cane; Lloyd Gilmore, Loring Gilmore.

Yours very truly,

STUART GILES,
Secretary.

333 SWAN STREET,
DUNKIRK, N.Y.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I refused a walk with father, so my brother, Donald, would write to you. But he has gone walking. So has my sister. You will have to guess who is writing for me, as I am just five years old and cannot write very well.

I go to the Adams Memorial School of Religion. Rev. Walter Smith is the minister, Miss Abel is my teacher. Our class has a new name, Sunbeam Class.

I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear the Beacon pin.

Yours lovingly,

ALLAN LINDSAY MCKAY.

A Letter From Ruby Singh.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME of us have made a friend in a far-off land,—a young Unitarian girl in India. This letter from her will bring a message to all our readers. Her correspondents will notice the new address, for now Ruby is at school again in Calcutta.

The Beacon will use any funds sent in for Ruby by schools or individuals as a Beacon Scholarship. Shall we send a gift which will help her to continue at the school, with our love?

And do not forget to write letters to her, just as you write to your other friends. She will like to hear about your church and church school, your books and papers, especially *The Beacon*, your work and your play.

Here is her letter:

VICTORIA INSTITUTION,
1591 BOMBABAZAR STREET,
CALCUTTA, INDIA.
25th JULY, 1920.

Dear Miss Buck,—I beg to thank you for your kindness and sympathy for me. I was in bad health for about a year, especially from October, 1919, to April, 1920, during which time I received many letters from Unitarian girls in America. I have sent replies to all letters which I could find, but I am afraid some might have gone astray. To all friends who received no replies from me I beg they will excuse me and write me again. I am not sure if I can continue my studies here long, as my father has retired on pension. The principal of my school is now giving me a small monthly grant to pay my school fees, etc.

I shall be glad to receive old copies of *The Beacon* from any of your readers.

Yours sincerely,

RUBY M. SINGH.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA VIII.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 2, 15, 12, 7, 20, is a country in Europe.
My 14, 12, 3, 12, 15, 19, 9, 20, pertains to swimming.
My 2, 18, 9, 2, 15, 12, 4, 2, 8, 14, is excitement of anger.
My 9, 13, 6, 11, 13, 16, 15, 5, 20, means sorrowfully.
My 14, 6, 17, 10, 11, 13, 1, means necessary.
My whole is a delightful story for children.
J. G. R.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 3, 14, 4, 16, 9, is a large fish.
My 8, 15, 16, 11, is a valley.
My 16, 1, 13, 12, 7, 10, is an epistle.
My 10, 17, 2, is a color.
My 6, 5, 4, 3, is what dray horses do.
My whole was a much-loved Unitarian minister.
F.

SHORTENED WORDS.

Behold and curtail the following:

1. A rock and get a weight.
2. Musical sounds and get a unit.
3. Meditated and get to employ.
4. A cut of meat and get a useful herb.
5. Portions and get craft.
6. Snares and get to hit.
7. To boast and get a small animal.
8. A garden tool and get a cushion.
9. Divisions of time and get a pronoun.
10. Divisions of time and get a part of the head.

C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA III.—Waste not, want not.
ENIGMA IV.—The Maple Leaf Forever.
ENIGMA V.—Little Women.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

CAGED CREATURES.—1. C(rat)er. 2. (Doe)r. 3. (Dog)erel. 4. S(cow)l. 5. S(pig)ot. 6. Ma(hog)any. 7. C(lamb)ake. 8. P(otter)y. 9. F(emu)r.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON